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GOOD morning; have you used Pears'— I mean have you had La Grippe? If you have come around and see us, and we will condole with one another. Ugh! but isn't it terrible? I wish some enterprising man would catch one of those same bacilli that work such destruction, draw his teeth, break his jaw, his arms, his legs, put a chain around his body, and otherwise prevent his ability to do injury, and then put him in the museum for inspection. We would recommend that the following inscription be nailed on his lair: "*Multum in parvo.*" What a grin of solid satisfaction must spread over his wee little insignificant countenance when he sees what a commotion he produces in Brobdiagnagian man. Under his influence you begin to stretch, then your bones begin to ache, then your backbone gives out, your head gets as hot as Tophet, and each and every nerve in your body—and how surprised you are at their number—gets surcharged with a quadruple dose of the concentrated essence of jumping toothache. At last you get to sleep, but horrible shapes and sights disturb your dreams, and in one short hour you have enough imagery to supply ten "*Infernos.*" At last, in despair, you take fifteen grains of quinine and crawl into bed. Soon you are prepared to believe what the lecturer said, when he stated the great bulk of one's body is water, for you begin and continue to leak at every pore. Then a train of cars, with every axle squeaking and 1,200 miles long, begins a slow, noisy procession

through your weary brain. These and many other things impossible to describe are incidental to La Grippe. As I remarked before, if you have had it, and are still in the body—I don't like ghosts—come and see me, and we will sympathize with each other.

* * *

The St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa, nearly all of whom are Presbyterians, recently did a very graceful act in electing as their chaplain a Catholic priest, the Very Rev. Dr. Dawson. We, at Queen's, know something, we wish we knew more, of the venerable Father's beautiful, Christ-like, character, of his high and varied attainments, and we feel that the Society is to be congratulated on the Father's acceptance. Such acts are mighty towards breaking down prejudice and towards uniting brethren in one aim and object.

* * *

The other day after reading most sorrowful accounts of the many unemployed and destitute in cities of the United States and Canada, I fell into a sort of reverie as to what was the true relation existing between poverty and those resulting acts that so frequently are termed criminal. Dinly enough we are beginning to recognize that "no man liveth to himself alone," that in some sense he is linked to all those who form the State, or yet more widely to all mankind. If such is so, the question arises: When a man and his family have not enough to preserve their being, what claim have they on society? What punishment, if any, should be given when, his need being great and society giving nothing, he puts forth his hand and takes? Whilst thinking of these questions, Jean Valjean, of Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*," came into my mind. Here was a man with a compassionate soul in him, working hard to feed himself, his widowed sister and her seven children. Then there comes a very severe winter, Jean has no work, and as a consequence the family have no bread,—literally no bread and seven children. One Sunday night, in order to provide food for them, Jean smashes a pane of glass in a baker's shop and takes a loaf of bread. For this he was sentenced to five years in the galleys. Feeling that he has been unjustly dealt with, he tries to escape, but is recaptured and has his sentence prolonged fourteen years—nineteen years for a pane of

glass and a loaf of bread. In such cases who is most in the wrong; Society or the Jean Valjeans? He entered the galleys sobbing and shuddering, he went out hardened; he entered in despair, he went out sullen, a soul fitted for hell by the acts of society.

As I considered these things I thought how much good might be done, how that many people might be lifted out of despair this winter by those who have a heart in them, and who use their head for something more than a peg on which to hang a hat. Thinking of how this could be done, of the tact it required, I thought of Monseigneur Bienvenu in the same story—how I would like to have his spirit—and how he treated this same Jean Valjean. Surely he showed the *mind* and the *spirit* of Him whose coming to the earth for our sakes we celebrate at this Christmas time. Surely he knew the true source from which flows the desire and the power to do good when he wrote. "Oh, Thou who art! Ecclesiastes names Thee the Almighty; Maccahees names Thee Creator; the Epistle to the Ephesians names Thee Liberty; Barnab names Thee Imminence; the Psalms name Thee Wisdom and Truth; John names Thee Light; the Book of Kings names Thee Lord; Exodus calls Thee Providence; Leviticus, Holiness; Esdras, Justice; Creation calls Thee God; man names Thee Father; hut Solomon names Thee Compassion; and that is the most beautiful of all Thy names."

* * *

Where is that shivering, thin-blooded mortal who sees nothing appreciable in our Canadian winters? Let him invest in a pair of steel blades, and on a night when silvery rays of moonlight sparkle in each icy crystal, betake himself to a frozen lake or river, and there disport himself. If it does not make him feel his life in every limb, and scatter indigestion and dyspepsia to the four winds of heaven, we shall no more prescribe.

But this is a perverse world. We cannot do the things that we would, and even in the line of skating we must be content with such conveniences as we have. The rink which skirts the back-door path to College has all the accommodations that an institution of its kind affords. It is true that it shuts out the sight of the spangled heavens, and we miss the forests that generally edge a river's banks, but perhaps there is compensation made on other sides. Permit us to say with all solemnity, beneath that semi-circular roof we find, to say the least, more enjoyment than sorrow. We have our Mr. Wardle, who converts his legs into a pair of compasses; our Mr. Winkle, who with the wild gesticulations of a man signalling an express train sails into the midst of the ladies. Of course, he is "horrid." We have the beginner, ever attempting the "spread eagle,"

and, lastly, those who furnish strong evidence of the co-educative tendency of Queen's, with special emphasis on the "co." All these, the ubiquitous "kid" notwithstanding, play about in sweet confusion, enjoying simultaneously a physical and social culture. The pessimistic and suspicious may nod their heads and gently insinuate, but never mind, have a skate.

* * *

There has just come to our notice a report of the "Students' Representative Council," of the University of Edinburgh, which suggests a lack in our own A.M.S. At last a practical and well defined relation between the A.M.S., the Athletic Committee, and the various Athletic clubs seems to have been reached. The A.M.S. is now, more than ever before, the representative student-society of the University. It exercises a direct and healthy control over all matters that effect the students in general. From it the officers of the different clubs, and the managers of all student enterprises receive their authority, and to it they submit an annual report and financial statement. One thing more, we think, is needful; a report of the society itself should be printed for circulation among the students. In this would be an abstract of the minutes, giving a brief account of all important business transacted during the year, and a complete statement of all receipts and expenditures which are controlled directly or indirectly by the society.

The cost of issuing this report would be trifling, and it would be a boon to every student who desires to keep himself thoroughly posted as to the work of the society. Further it would give all an opportunity of knowing how the public funds are expended, and would make possible such a study of finance as is now not thought of; it might possibly be the means of developing latent talent, which would be of use not only in the management of A. M.S. finances, but also in preparing future Dominion budgets.

If any one considers such a report unnecessary, let him remember that the annual expenditure of the Society is between \$1,500 and \$2,000. Surely such an amount would justify the printing of a report for the calm perusal of all interested. We, therefore, commend the suggestion to the consideration of the new Executive, hoping that they will feel the pulse of the students in this respect and act accordingly. We add the names of some of the committees whose reports are embodied in the report to the students of the University of Edinburgh: Sister Universities Committee, Social Residence Committee, Students Committee, Amusements Committee, Field Committee, Relations with Home and Foreign Universities Committee, together with most elaborate financial statements.

"That orb'd maiden with white fire laden" is casting luminous glances, from her whole being—"lucid and luant"—upon the earth's pure wintry mantle. That it should maintain its integrity unsullied might seem to be the chief desire of the watchful moon, but some otherwise interpret the maiden's concealed smile. To some, too, the 'man in the moon' is as attractive as of yore and beckons earthly maids as the maiden moon beckons men on earth, to glide fairy-like, over the smooth surface of the earth's new coat, to the sound of moon-like music, clear and lingling, in the wake of warlike courser, swift and prancing, in a vessel which knows no seasickness—unless there are pitch-holes—but frictionless glides on. The warm-hearted fur delights to share its sympathies with the happy pair and the snow is recognized as the friend of social, sportive youth.

But the snow is welcomed in other regions for other reasons. The team of the jolly shantymen must now receive full allowance of oats—mostly short ones—and the snow greatly facilitates the drawing operations of the lumber trade. Indeed, the desecration to purposes of conveyance in other branches of business also is chuckled over by Utilitarian man. And mother earth herself is pleased as she plumes herself on the preservation of her nearer kith and kin and their comfortable hibernation. But has the snow no purer purposes to fulfil? Troth she has. She sings of Nature's ways and them obeys. She grants the microscopic eye endless variety of forms, regular, harmonious, beautiful. In her flakes she reflects the stars and in her whirling eddies she resounds the music of the spheres. What countless miracles are performed in the repeated falling of the snow! What teats of patient perseverance! What victories of faith! Though trampled under foot, despised, it comes again to cover up old scars and render man fresh service. The roughest treatment of the tempest serves but to purify it, pure; though meek and lamblike, it can, if need be, put on another aspect. It brings us vital energy and civilizing force. It sings of inward beauty and speaks of the true strength of a harmonious soul. It asks us, as we read, was asked of old, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow."

The genial countenance of J. Bell, M.A., recently gladdened the halls. John has many friends in Kingston, and he had a big time visiting old acquaintances.

The long expected has come at last! On Wednesday, the 20th inst., Rev. John Boyd, M.A., and Miss McDonald, of Kingston, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The handsome "house of man" will no longer be unoccupied. Congratulations John and many happy returns of the anniversary.

CONTRIBUTED.

SUNDAY IN PROTESTANT GERMANY.

THE young Canadian, while spending his first Sunday in any considerable city of Protestant Germany, will experience a feeling of unqualified surprise. He has, it may be, some vague notions of what Luther did for Protestantism, and, though he supplements these notions with others, perhaps equally vague, of what he has heard called German rationalism, his main expectation, unless he has been fore-warned, is that the mass of the people will have much the same views as himself with regard to Sunday and the Church. But he is totally mistaken. German Protestants have quite other views than Canadians of their relation to the Church and Sunday. On Sunday morning services are held in all the churches, and the chimes of bells announce the approach of the hour of worship. There is little choice of church, for in North Germany there are no denominations except Protestant and Roman Catholic. In Leipzig, *eg.*, there is one Jewish synagogue and two Roman Catholic churches. All the other churches are Protestant. The curious and church-going Canadian, wishing to understand the dominant customs of Northern Germany, wends his way to the Protestant church. If he remains in the part of the church most remote from the pulpit, he will see about him an array of empty seats, although the worshippers are more numerous nearer the pulpit. Most of them are elderly men and women. Middle-aged and young men and women are conspicuous by their absence. The service is a faithful reflex of the mental activity of the worshippers. The preacher seems to regard his work in the pulpit as a weekly task, just as the people below him regard their attendance as a weekly duty. There is in the sermon little to show that the Church is even slightly in touch with the questions of the time. The music, however, is of a higher order than the sermon. In Leipzig is given in one of the churches every Saturday, what they call a *nolette*, a species of sacred song. This service of song consisted of two pieces and lasted only half an hour, from half-past one till two in the afternoon. Although the time could scarcely be called favorable, the church was always well filled with appreciative listeners. On the following Sunday one of these songs is repeated before the sermon is preached. A large number of people go to church solely to hear this song, and have no compunctions about filing out so soon as the music ceases, leaving the faithful remnant to gather more closely about the pulpit steps.

How do the people spend Sunday if they do not attend the church service? On any fine Summer day you may observe numbers of men, women and children making their way to the woods, which are intersect-

ed with walks and drives, and dotted everywhere with shaded seats. Here whole families are to be found, the older people strolling about or seated on the benches conversing, the younger ones playing together in merry groups, and giving you in their numbers a picture of the prosperity of the country. Keen-sighted benefactors of the public, taking advantage of the tendency of the people to pass their day of rest in the woods, have enclosed one or two large spaces with a hedge or fence, and inside have built dainty and variously shaped summer houses, situated on diminutive streets, avenues and lanes. The whole forms a kind of summer village. It is a pronounced characteristic of the German people, a feature which Goethe could not praise too highly, that they take their pleasure in large companies. They do not as a rule build summer residences and live there in as great a seclusion as they live at their homes in winter. They occupy one little plot of this summer village and chat with one another, each from his tiny garden, or repose each in his little house, and at regular times meet in a central open space to witness some game provided for them and the children by the obliging manager. The naturalness and simplicity of such a summer resort, not more than half an hour's walk from the centre of the city, is delightful without any alloy. The people, who had been working hard all week, were refreshed bodily and mentally by their Sunday outing, their family and social affections were renewed, their simple love of nature was preserved and strengthened, and they returned in the late afternoon to their homes with a feeling which one could not call irreligious. The desire which moves Canadians to go to church, the desire that we may be taken out of our family seclusion and may be able to keep alive our interest in a wide human good, causes the German people to spend the middle portion of every fine Sunday in the green woods, under the free sky, in pleasant good-fellowship.

Occasionally the general inclination to enjoy to the utmost the free hours of Sunday afternoon is not satisfied except by some more public amusement. The Zoological Garden is always wide open, and every month has a cheap Sunday; and twice a year, or oftener, the good city fathers provide the citizens with horse races. In Leipzig the two racing days are Saturday and Sunday, and the largest, happiest and most enthusiastic crowd always gathers at the races on the afternoon of Sunday.

But the day is not yet over, although by this time the churches are all closed. Indeed, the evening is regarded as the time for special amusement, as the afternoon is the time for quiet relaxation. The most frequented places on Sunday evening are the theatre and the beer-garden. While the city theatre is open every evening of the week, summer and winter, and offers the public a fine selection of the

best plays and operas, it is easier to secure a seat in the theatre on any other night than it is on Sunday. If you are poor and wish to get a fairly good seat for a small sum, you must any evening go early to the theatre door and stand in *queue*, on the principle of first come first served; but you must go earlier to the door on Sunday and wait longer, or you will fail to secure a good seat. The Germans have no prejudice against the theatre. The minister attends it as regularly as the layman. Indeed it is regarded by all as a means of instruction as well as of amusement. It ranks side by side with the university, the conservatory of music and the school as a public educator. If the theatre were to be done away with in Germany, or even limited as it is limited amongst us, not only Shakespeare, but even Goethe and Schiller would be much less well and widely known than they now are. Besides the whole atmosphere of the theatre of Germany is superior to the atmosphere of our own. On the other side there exists an inherited taste for fine scenery and good music, and there is a general desire to see operas and plays of the highest kind. So general is the need of a good theatre, that the city has taken control of the stage, issues the weekly program, and pays the actors and musicians. It is difficult for a Canadian, who is familiar with only the manners of our own theatre, to understand the difference in feeling between the ordinary play-goer in Germany and his representative with us. The comparison is in favor of the old land. There every person, man or woman, on taking his seat removes his hat, if he has not already left it in the cloak-room outside. Should he forget to conform to this usage, he is politely reminded of it by one of the door-keepers. Nearly every body is in his seat some minutes before the curtain rises. If late, he must stand till the curtain falls at the end of the first act or scene. Custom has decreed that if any one is late, it is he who must suffer and not those who have taken the pains to be present on time. Talking in the theatre is carried on in the merest whispers, even before the play begins. After it begins even a moderately quiet word may be resented by the listeners around, who, if disturbed, promptly give utterance to a low but sharp sound something like a hiss. The irreverent Canadian, who looks about him in moments of inattention, will observe that almost every person without exception is absorbed in what is going forward. Indeed the theatre of Germany is to be compared as regards its manners and traditions not with the theatre on this side of the water, but rather with our church, and in point of punctuality, attention and quietness of behaviour our church comes poorly off in the comparison. When an opera is being presented the general hush and the losing of the individual in the flow of sound is more than a habit and custom; it is

an indication of what may really be called a devout spirit. The same feelings which are awakened in pure minds by exercises of devotion are stirred up in Germans by good music.

But the theatre takes charge of only a fraction of the people who are bent upon passing Sunday evening pleasantly. The popular beer-garden takes charge of the large majority. A beer-garden is something very different from our first notion of it. Conceive of a little park under whose trees are placed a large number of little tables. Think of each of these tables as having in the centre a German match-box filled with German matches, and notice piled up beside the match-box five or six little mats, on each of which is soon to be placed the indispensable and unfailing glass of beer, and you have the materials of the garden. Imagine these tables possessed by a gay, talkative, free, happy company, perhaps to the number of 1,000 or more, men and women, young and old. Imagine each of these persons as taking a quiet pleasure, difficult for us to appreciate, in the mere presence of other happy people, a quiet pleasure which is indeed with the Germans the first stage of acquaintance: imagine, too, that this pleasure is the real sauce and essence of the glass of beer or moderate evening meal,—and you have the garden complete. Drunkenness in connection with such a resort is as rare as gluttony. Many people sit in the garden for two hours or more and drink only one glass of beer. The real enjoyment comes not from the flavor of the beer alone, but because it is drunk under congenial circumstances; if there were no animated and animating conversation, the beer would, even for a German, lose much of its relish.

Not late, but comparatively early the people go home, feeling no incongruity between the morning in church, the afternoon in the open fields, and the evening in the beer-garden or theatre.

STUDENT LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF QUEEN'S.

BY REV. DR. BELL.

The date of March 7, 1842, marks the opening of Queen's University for work. Nearly fifty-two years have passed, and several generations of students have come and gone. The students of to-day may sometimes wonder what student life in 1842 was like, with all surroundings so different from those of the present time. That life was indeed very different, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, in many respects, strikingly similar. A few young men had been carrying on their studies in private, or under special teachers, preparatory to the expected opening of Queen's, and to them that coming event was one of deepest interest and highest importance. The coming of the Government of Canada to Kingston had made house room so scarce that the obtaining of a home for the infant institution was very

difficult, and boarding places for the students almost impossible. Mr. Pringle made arrangements to take into his house all he could accommodate, and Professor Campbell received five or six. Without such provision, few as we were, there would have been serious difficulty. Four students from Flamboro, Esquensing, &c., hired a wagon and travelled for six days; the writer came from Perth by stage, taking two days.

At length the eventful day came, March 7, 1842. A small house on Colborne street had been rented for a few months, and in this we assembled. The *Senatus Academicus* was constituted, consisting of Very Rev. Dr. Liddell, Principal, being the Faculty of Theology; Rev. Professor Campbell, being the Faculty of Arts, together with Rev. Dr. Machiar, Hon. John Hamilton and Francis A. Harper, Esq., Trustees, (the number of five having to be so made up until there should be five professors). Eleven students were registered, 1 Divinity, 3 Seniors, 3 Sophomores and 4 Freshmen; and three or four non-matriculants attended some of Mr. Campbell's classes for a time. The Principal taught Theology, Hebrew, Church History and Physics for about two and a half months; Prof. Campbell taught Latin, Greek and Mathematics for some weeks longer. Soon after the close of this broken session, a Preparatory School was opened in charge of Mr. Wardrope, now Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph. Mr. W. Bain (late Rev. Dr. Bain), was added as a teacher in the Autumn. A great deal of work had to be crowded into the short time of the first Session, and many a night some of us had to consume the midnight oil (of a tallow candle).

During the Summer, four of us who were in Kingston, Wardrope, Mowat, Bonner and myself, were keeping up our studies both privately and meeting two or three times a week. The small stone house opposite to St. Andrew's Church had been rented for the Second Session, and one day Mr. Pringle asked us to remove the books for the Library to it; these being stored in the tower of the Church, "We, the students of Queen's," of course, went with alacrity, and soon had the books placed in the attic of the new College. I do not remember how many armfuls of books each carried, but probably not over five or six. About the end of Summer several cases of books arrived, and I commenced the duties of Librarian, by arranging and cataloguing the whole, probably about 1500 volumes. The Principal returned from Scotland in October, bringing with him a new Professor named James Williamson, M.A., who immediately entered on his duties as the *Faculty of Science*; and who has been well known by all succeeding generations of students. The Second Session was a busy one for both Professors and Students, the latter numbering 19 or 20.

At that time the public had no railways, telegraphs or electric appliances, and the students had no societies, reading room, &c. Yet both parties lived and enjoyed life about as well as people do now. The venerable *Concursus* was not yet in being, and its terrors were therefore no restraint on the wilful freshie; but perhaps in these good old times evil propensities were not so rife as in the times of modern license. No societies, religious, secular, athletic or otherwise had yet emerged; not even the *Alma Mater*. During the Summer of 1842 we felt that there was need of some society for the promotion of literary culture, public speaking, &c., so we met and discussed the matter and appointed a Committee of four (Bell, Wardrope, Mowat and Bonner), to draft a Constitution to be reported at a meeting of all the students at the opening of the Session. The minutes stated that at a meeting of the students, then in Kingston, these were appointed a Committee, &c. A technical objection was made to this, on the ground that the said meeting consisted of the said four students. But if four was a suitable number for a Committee, and these were proper persons, why should not "We, the students of Queen's," appoint them? At the opening of the Session the draft was submitted, discussed, amended and adopted. Various names had been proposed, Diagnostic, Debating, Philosophical, &c., but finally, "The Dialectic Society of the University of Queen's College" was adopted. We met fortnightly, and at each meeting had an Essay read and criticised, and a date—the question and leaders having been named at the preceding meeting. When our diffidence had, by practice in debate, somewhat worn off, we invited our friends and had some debates in the presence of a good number of ladies and gentlemen. In debate, one student, whose eloquence was constantly in danger of running away with his perception of the lapse of time, used to orate with his watch in his hand to keep himself within the required fifteen minutes. Another, a brilliant Soph., would forget that the presiding officer in a debate was a Chairman and address him as "Mr. Speaker!"

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.

Church theologians have never agreed on the subject of the date of the nativity. An Eastern tradition places it in the latter part of December, but Western arguments oppose the view. According to St. Luke (ii. 8), they say, that the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, would hardly have been possible on the assumption of the December date, as that would be the rainy season in Palestine and the flocks would be under shelter. Some Biblical chronologists place the nativity in the Autumn others in the Summer.

Many learned and pious men look upon our Christian Christmas festival as an adaptation of a previously existing Jewish or Pagan festival. Some view it as a continuation of the Jewish Feast of the Dedication, a festival of eight days duration, beginning December 17th; others derive it from the Roman *Saturnalia Sigillaria* or *Iuventia*. But the most plausible view is that which connects Christmas with the return of the Sun to the Northern hemisphere at the Winter Solstice. With the rise of the Sun comes longer and warmer days, hope springs up anew in the human heart when it feels the unfriendly winter season passing away. Theologically it is Christ the Sun of Righteousness dawning upon the world. The ancient Sun-god symbolizes the new Sun of Righteousness. This view is supported by much evidence and curious lore. Several of the church fathers such as Ambrose and Chrysostom held it. The Christian poets Prudentius and Paulinus of Nola sang about it.

In the northern part of Europe the old Norsemen celebrated a feast to Trega, the goddess of love, at about our Christmas time. The Yule-tide to them represented the descent of love to the Under-world for the delivery of the imprisoned germs of Life. It was the period of the earliest perceptible signs of rejuvenescence of Nature.

Christmas is an old miracle play of Nature in which the deadly power of Winter are brought to a tragic end and "Spring" is born anew or liberated from Hela (Hell).

A PHILOSOPHIC STUDENT IN LOVE.

The question is simply this: Is my present attachment to Maria to be termed friendship or is it love? Is the fact that the last conversation I had with her mingles in my mind with the sublime thoughts of Plato and Aristotle, accidental or significant. Am I or am I not to attach importance to the fact that her eyes gaze into mine from every page of Emerson and Lecky? Was it on account of Maria that I conceived a violent dislike to Rollins when I heard him reciting with evident sincerity:—

"Women are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Her smiles of joy, her tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but heaven!"

This is an important problem. My future course of action will certainly depend to a great extent upon its solution, and I cannot afford to leave such a matter in doubt. Should I conclude that my feeling is one of friendship I must decide how far my brotherly regard may be permitted to show itself without compromising myself and raising false hopes in her breast. On the other hand, should my reason and my heart convince me that I am in love, I must first investigate the nature of love to ascertain how far such a state of mind is desirable or permissible,

and then suit my conduct to the result of the investigation. The all-important question to begin with is, then, *Do I love Maria?*

No satisfactory definition of the term love has yet emanated from any competent authority. The poets, it is true, have attempted to define the word, but poets are but dreamers and their ravings have no pretension to scientific precision. Philosophers as a rule have avoided the subject, apparently with a tacit understanding either that it was beyond the reach of rational inquiry, or that it was too vague and intangible to be a profitable subject for meditation. I would do so too, but—there is Maria. Owing to this unfortunate state of affairs I must be content to attach to the term what I conceive to be its popular significance and interpret the original question thus: Does Maria typify for me the ideal female? Do her qualities so resemble my own as to render our tastes similar, and yet so differ from them as to be supplementary? Does her presence add to any consciousness of completeness? Supposing myself to be the possessor of untold wealth, would I take pleasure in laying it at her feet? Would I prefer her permanent company to that of anyone else on this or any other globe? All of these questions I conceive to be contained in the original proposition, and to all of them, after pondering them carefully, I would return an affirmative answer. Maria, it is true, is not as philosophic as I could sometimes wish, but perhaps her own inability to form generalizations or to discuss metaphysical subtleties, makes her the more ready to listen to my own disquisitions without engaging in frivolous disputes. On the whole therefore I may consider that using the term "love" in its popular sense I am in love. The matter may be stated in the form of a syllogism thus: Love is a combination of sentiments directed towards one person as an ideal. I have these sentiments towards Maria, therefore I love Maria.

(Here the manuscript ends.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR,—The question was propounded to me the other day—Is an Honor Classics man able to cope with a student of Honor English in criticism of authors read?—and I answered in the negative. I think the query is one which may well be presented through your columns to the Classics men of the college.

Of the five years of his course, the Honor English man spends a small portion of one in the study of grammatical structure and "composition;" the remainder of his time is taken up with analysis and criticism of the style of the authors he reads and study of the development of English literature. The student of Honor Classics never hears in the whole

of his course a connected series of lectures on the style of his authors or the development of classical literature. Scraps of such criticism, it is true, are given to him, but his course as a whole is a steady grind at grammatical structure, word-formation and idiom. Out of this mill he comes with a first-rate working knowledge of the languages taught; his Latin prose is frequently Ciceronian and his translations very exact and readable. In fact he is eminently fitted for a Classical specialist in a High School. But as for the broad view of the nation's life and growth, of the influence of the author's period, associates and character on his writings—of these and of many other things with which the English student is familiar from the Senior class, the Classics man knows almost nothing; and he thus emerges from his course scarcely anything more, as far as that course is concerned, than an advanced High School boy. Undoubtedly the great need of our Classical course is a lecturer on Greek and Latin literature. The present professors certainly have their hands full in teaching the languages and if we are to have lectures on Classical literature, a separate lecturer is needed, who will have plenty of time to devote to his subject and will thus be able to give the Classical men such an insight into Roman and Athenian life and letters as will make them able to appreciate such a remark as, "It is worth while learning Greek to be able to read Homer in the original."

Yours truly,

CLASSICUS.

POETRY.

TO CHARLES SANGSTER.

DEAD poet! thus they name you now
My poet with the kindly eyes,—
When last we met the roses bloomed
Beneath our softer summer skies.

The sun was on you: in a flood
Of golden light I saw you stand,—
A fitting crown:—you turned aside
To press in yours a childish hand.

'Twas but a moment,—yet with strength
To live and glow through all these years,—
A moment brightened by a smile,
A moment hallowed now with tears.

A Poet!—ah, you little guessed
What thoughts my brain held, quaint and odd:
Those were the days of childhood's faith
When every poet was a god!

If younger men outstrip you now
Not truer love inspires their lay;
When our young country had most need
You sang a song of Canada.—

And such a song!—'tis ringing yet
Through Lampman, Roberts, Machar, Weir!
Doubt not! 'twill roll with fuller tone
Till all the listening world shall hear.

Then will your name be justly praised!
For me, I have this memory,
A moment once you held my hand
And smiled with kindly eyes on me. —E.J.M.

FORMOSA MAGGIE LAUDER.

Nunquid est qui non amet.
 Formosam Maggie Lauder?
 Nomen euntis in Fifam,
 Rogavit fistulator?
 Contemptum ei respondit Mag,
 "Panis penique raptor,
 Abi, Loquax, abi, nomen
 Est mihi Maggie Lauder."

"Mag," inquit ille, "per utres,
 Juvat me te videre,
 Ab me sede, pulcherrima,
 Nil est causae timere!
 Nam ego fistulator sum!
 Nomen Robertus Ranter,
 Saltant puellae fatuae
 Quum tibiae sufflantur."

"Habesne utres" inquit Mag.
 "Bombi tubas paratas?
 Si tu sis Rob, notus mihi,
 Regnine colis oras?
 Omnes puellae hinc illinc
 Noscunt Robertum Ranter;
 Nunc pede terram quatiam,
 Si tu flas ibistanter."

Utres cito corripuit,
 Bombi tubas versavit;
 Mag salutem per cepitem
 Et erbene saltavit
 "Bene est" ille, "suffla" illa
 "Terbelle est" inquit Ranter
 "Multum juvat cantare, quum
 Saltas tam eleganter."

"Pulchre fecisti" inquit Mag.
 "Genae colore rubro,
 Nemo tam bene nunc cantat,
 Amisso Hab Simpsono,
 Inuupta vixi ac nupta,
 Bis quinque annos in Fifa;
 Quum Austri festum advenis,
 De Maggie Lauder roga.

—ALEXANDER WHAMOND.

THE DIVINITIES' DOWNFALL.

Attend me, ye Nine, while I sing of the glorious feats of
 the Freshmen;
 Sing how they warred with and humbled Divinity's
 doughtiest heroes.
 Strong in the strength of their cause and led by a veteran
 fighter,
 Who in brave days of old had marched with Guiderius
 Curtius,
 What time he smote hip and thigh the valiant hosts of
 the alien,
 Smote them from Rosedale's fair land even unto the
 mountain called Royal.
 Brave were Divinity's heroes, and long in the land had
 they sojourned,
 Dwelt and waxed fat in fair Queen's, the domain whereof
 John is the tyrant.
 Long had the thoughts of their hearts to the things of the
 book been directed,
 Long laid aside all their love for the sport most delightful
 to Ares,
 Even the glorious battle, the strife and delight in the con-
 test.
 Late had there come to fair Queen's, the domain whereof
 John is the tyrant,
 A hungry race and a fierce, of wild and terrible aspect.
 Hungry and fierce were they and their look was as that of
 the grizzly,
 What time he comes forth in the Spring when the snows
 of Winter are melting

Strongly upon him the sun its comforting rays is direct-
 ing,
 Big swells his spirit within him, but exceedingly lank is
 his body,
 And Fate, that consulteth not the wishes of men or of
 Freshmen,
 Willed that a grievous strife should arise and a deadly de-
 batement,
 Such as could only be quelled by the terrible shock of the
 battle.
 Then war that day was the lot of the men of the book and
 the sermon,
 In that they had forgotten their love for the strife and the
 battle,
 Had given offence unto Ares who ord'reth disaster and
 triumph
 Be with me, ye Nine, and assist while I tell of Divinity's
 heroes,
 Who first and who last that day came boldly forth to the
 battle.
 The first was a warrior famed, who in days of old had
 won glory,
 What time the hosts of fair Queen's had pared the claws
 of the tiger,
 Cool and determined was he, and his heart was like that
 of a Viking,
 Colin the warrior was named, the captain, Divinity's bul-
 wark.
 Next the redoubtable Daly, the young man, the lover of
 maidens;
 Fair were his locks and long, and a fillet encircled his
 temples,
 Broided with thread of gold by deft fingers skilled with
 the needle
 Towering o'er all by a head strode Easton, a warrior
 gigantic,
 "Huge as Goliath of Gath or the terrible Og, king of
 Bashan."
 Close by his side was Peck, like a war-horse scenting the
 battle,
 Small of stature but fierce and swift as Oilean Ajax.
 Warrior in name and in deed was Grant, the redoubted in
 council.
 Laird good at need in the van with his friend the orator
 Mowat,
 Claxton and Stewart and Turnbull and that Nestor the
 patriarch Hutcheon
 Hunter, to whom the battle was dear as the breath of his
 nostrils,
 Once he had warred in the host that fell 'neath the on-
 slaught of Osgoode,
 Howbeit he fought like a man and carried his shield from
 the battle.
 Miller, too, bred as a scholar, unused to the shock of the
 battle
 But prompt at the call of his people to gird himself for
 the combat.
 'Twere long to tell of the host who in that fierce conflict
 opposed them,
 Late had they come to the land and their fame had not
 yet been established.
 Their chief was he of the host of Maulus Guiderius
 Curtius,
 Rough was he as the lion and fond of commotion and
 combat.
 Loud was the din and long when met the two armies
 together,
 Impetuous rage fired their bosoms and urged them on to
 the combat
 Even as two torrents all swollen with thundering roar
 clash together,
 High flies the foam to the stars and the water is terribly
 troubled.
 So clashed the armies together and their shouting re-
 sounded to heaven.
 Now it befell mid the strife, the jangle and shock of the
 battle,

COLLEGE NEWS.

A. M. S.

THE last meeting of the Society was in reality the annual meeting of the Foot-ball Club. After the report of the Secretary-Treasurer had been read, the details of which shall be published later, the election of officers was proceeded with, and resulted as follows:

Hon. President—Prof. Fletcher.
Hon. Vice-President—James Farrell, B.A.
President—A. E. Ross, B.A.
Vice-President—H. H. Horsey.
Secretary-Treasurer—A. B. Ford.
Captain—Guy Curtis.
Hon. Surgeon—Dr. Herald.

Very hearty votes of thanks were accorded to Prof. and Mrs. Fletcher for many kindnesses during the past foot-ball season, and to the retiring Executive for their unceasing efforts to secure the championship.

CONVERSAZIONE.

This annual event of social college life took place Friday evening, December 15th. For several weeks the various committees had been busy making the necessary arrangements, and by Friday evening everything was in readiness. The decorations throughout the building were tastily arranged, but special attention had been given to the alcove between the Mathematical and English class-rooms. On the walls were fancy combinations of lacrosse sticks, snow-shoes and bicycles draped with a variety of flags. On a stand in the centre stood the Rugby championship cup, and round about it were easy chairs, rockers and sofas.

The concert would have been more highly appreciated had Convocation hall been more comfortable, but owing to the severe storm and high wind of the evening, it was found impossible to heat the hall. Probably the severity of the storm also accounts for the absence of many elderly people and concert lovers, who have hitherto graced our Conversazioni and enjoyed the programmes, while the extra dances up stairs proved too great an attraction for those who could be thus entertained. For all these reasons the audience in Convocation hall was exceedingly small and afforded little inspiration to those who took part in the evening's programme, which was as follows:

Cello Solo	a. Chanson d'Amour.....	Hollman
	b. Passe-Pied.....	Gillet
	SIG. DINELLI	
Recitation	The Pilot's Story.....	Howell
	Our Christmas.....	MISS JACKSON.
Song—The Slave Chase.....		Russell
	MR. GALLOWAY.	
Cello Solo—Chanson a Coire.....		Dempster
	SIG. DINELLI	

Mid the terrible bray of the war-horns and the din of the armies engaging,
While yet neither side had the better and the issue as yet was still doubtful
Bane of the Freshmen, great Easton, the champion gigantic in stature,
While he smote with unsparing hand and fierce, in the thick of the combat,
Met front to front with O'Donnell the doughty, far-famed mid the Freshmen,
Then ceased the fray for a moment and both hosts desisted from fighting
Spellbound and awestruck they gazed at the terrible fight of the heroes.
Bitter that fight and long, alas! for the doughty O'Donnell,
Gasping he lay on the ground while his comrades gathered about him,
Spent with his mighty exertions from the field where his prowess was needed
Bore they the paladin Easton to rest and recover his balance.
Apart stood the paladin Easton and his spirit yearned for the conflict
Yearned as a lion all wounded, whose limbs are mangled and broken.
Nor can he leap on his foe and tear him with terrible talons;
Rears he his body erect and thunders with horrible roarings,
From his jaws drips the red-flecked foam and his heart is parched with the blood-thirst
Even so yearned for the battle the soul of the champion gigantic.
For he saw that the Freshmen were mighty and spent were Divinity's heroes
Three lances length they retreated, still fighting, resisting the Freshmen,
Down went the redoubtable Daly, the young man the lover of maidens,
O'er him the combat waxed fierce and on him fell many a hero,
Soiled in the dust was the fillet embroidered by fingers of maidens.
Down went the warrior Peck and Stewart the rider of bronchos.
Gordon and Hutcheon went down and their teeth bit the dust of the campus,
Dismayed were Divinity's heroes and pale panic their knee-joints unloosened.
Hither and thither they rushed like cattle bit by the gad-fly.
In the warm time, in the spring when the days are beginning to lengthen,
Piteous that day was the rout and the fall of those heroes intrepid,
Loud was the wail in fair Queen's the domain whereof John is the tyrant.

—F.P.

The Senior Year in Arts made a very happy choice when they selected Mr. H. Horsey to represent the Arts College at the Medical dinner held Dec. 21st. Mr. Horsey's effort is acknowledged by all to have been the speech of the evening. The *Whig* says: "The words of H. Horsey, representing the Arts department of the College, were well chosen. Mr. Horsey shows evidence of a training that may some day lead him into public life. His gift of speech is worth being possessed of while his delivery is quite parliamentary." Success to the star "wing" of the province.

Piano Solo.....	Selected
MISS SHAW.	
Recitation—Scene from "Pickwick Papers".....	Dickens
MISS JACKSON.	
Cello Solo (a. Reverie.....)	Dempster
(b. Gavotte.....)	Popper
SIG. DINELLI.	
Song—"The Deathless Army....."	Trotter
MR. GALLOWAY.	

T. H. Farrell, M.A., the newly elected President of the Alma Mater Society, presided. Interspersed throughout the programme were speeches from representatives of other colleges. After extending greetings from their respective institutions, the delegates spoke of the friendly spirit which such an exchange of courtesies tended to promote, while none of them forgot to congratulate our Rugby team on the enviable record they have made during the season. McGill was represented by Mr. Lambly, Varsity by Mr. Moss, Victoria by Mr. Foncar, McMaster by Mr. McMaster, and Knox by Mr. Munison. We are glad that so many sister institutions were able to send delegates, but we regret very much that there was not a larger audience of both students and citizens to receive their greetings.

After the concert the regular programme of dances was carried out in Assembly hall. The pushing and crowding of previous occasions was not noticeable this year, and all who shared in this part of the entertainment seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

The members of the Refreshment Committee are worthy of the highest praise for the systematic and energetic manner in which they performed their duties.

The chairmen of the committees were: General Committee and Invitation, Frank Hugo, M.A.; Reception, A. H. Beaton; Refreshment, A. E. Ross, B.A.; Decorations, H. F. Mooers; Finance, J. S. Shortt; and Programme, W. G. Irving.

DIVINITY HALL

As holidays approached, the divinities became rather restless and vacant seats in the hall showed that they too are subject to "human weaknesses" and apparently do not agree with the Profs, that cutting classes is an "unpardonable sin."

And whither away, thou theologue? Some to their homes, some to the homes of friends, whom they like better than themselves but the majority to country missions to preach and attend tea-meetings and give expression to the pent up eloquence of months.

The annual ordeal of delivering sermons, lectures etc. has been sprung on us earlier than usual and during the last two weeks of the term, various texts have been expounded with marvellous exegetical insight. The critics have been at their posts and have done their duty, as a rule, without prejudice or

unfairness. Occasionally however the only original point about the criticism has been its length, and the keen-sighted and flaw finding monitor has even exceeded the speaker of the day in the profuseness of his remarks.

We welcome a change that has recently been inaugurated in the N. T. Criticism class. Henceforth, the class will meet but twice a week, Monday and Wednesday, for the regular work, while the Friday class will be devoted to honor work for the benefit of B. D. students and others exegetically inclined. This is a good move and we are grateful to Dr. Ross for the deep interest he displays in the progress of the class.

Dr. Thompson concluded his lectures on Homiletics for the present on Friday, December 15th. Before leaving he presented each member of the class with a copy of his recent publication, "The Lambs of the Fold." Mr. Jas. Rollins, in the name of the class, thanked him heartily in a few well-chosen words. (You did well Jimmie, beg pardon, your Grace)

The Dr. will return and continue his course of lectures during the alumni conference in February. We shall be glad to see him again and hear his earnest and sympathetic voice.

In response to an invitation from the Æsculapian society Mr. J. A. Claxton, B. A. was appointed to represent Divinity Hall at the Medical Dinner of December 21st.

As Dame Rumor has it, one of our popular first year men is seriously considering entering the bonds of Holy Matrimony. At least we understand that he has taken one of the most important steps. We shall not divulge his name, but he sings tenor, reads Greek and has a decided tendency to spend his summers in the west. Congratulations have been and are still in order.

Some alarming news has reached us from the mysterious realms of the Levana Society in which a third year man, whom we see occasionally in class plays a prominent part. On the night of the conversat. he was found in a corner of the dancing hall eagerly examining the contents of a cupboard which, we presume belongs to the Levana Society.

He was caught in the act and we believe that due steps will be taken by the Society to *court* this gentleman with ardour and devotion unknown to the *concurus iniquitatis et virtutis*.

Dr. Cuyler tells the story of a little boy, the son of good Presbyterian parents, who was asked the question in the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" and answered it: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and annoy Him forever." "There are too many men," says Dr. Cuyler, "who act as if that were their chief end."

SCHOOL OF MINING NOTES.

Nearly all the players on the Rugby Champion Team have been students of Chemistry at this school.

La Grippe has already dealt with Prof. Nicol and Mr. Mason—who next?

Why do we have holidays at Christmas?
—Because Fred will be better by *half* after the rest.

Our mineral and rock collections are being gradually enlarged. Recently donations were received from Messrs. T. Williams, P. L. S. of this city. Richard Hannah, of Massey, Ont. R. Flynn, of Mountain Grove. Ont. G. A. Spotswood, M. E. of Kingston, Ont. and J. McVicar, of Tenny Cape, N. S.

We are pleased to know that our library has been placed on the exchange list of the Geological Survey of Canada. Already a large number of Survey Reports have been received and new ones will be sent to us as soon as they are ready for distribution.

We suggest the propriety of constructing a walk from the Medical College to the Mining School. About sixty or seventy students waded through snow or water between these buildings every day. Such a board walk would cost but little and if well kept would be most acceptable.

Applications are constantly being received from students desiring to attend the Special Courses of Lecture on Mining and kindred subjects. These Lectures extend over eight weeks and embrace all the subjects of practical importance to mining men.

MEDICAL NOTES.

We may live without love—
What is passion but pining?
But where is the man
That can live without dining?

Meredith.

The annual Medical dinner at the Frontenac on Thursday evening Dec. 21st closed the academic session for '93. The committee undertook a difficult task in endeavoring to make this dinner the most successful in the history of the Aesculapean Society and yet their achievement was equal to their desire. Nothing jarred the proceedings and everyone present could say with the poet, "I could wish my best friend at such a feast." The faces of everyone from the genial Dr. Sullivan to Metcalfe the most modest Freshman were marked by a most satisfied looking smile. Everything showed that the Committees had faithfully performed their duties. The excellent Menu was enjoyed by all and had Shakespeare been present to behold the appetites of the company he might say they were men of unbounded stomach. The Menu Card was very artistic and the selections good. As few students had gone home the room was well filled. The speeches were retrospective

and prospective, instructive and witty and all were exceptionally good and far surpassed those of preceding years.

Nearly all the faculty was present and took part in proposing and responding to several toasts.

The Students took their places around the table according to their year, while W. Connell, President of the Aesculapean Society and the guests occupied the head. On the President's right sat Mr. Metcalfe, M. P. and on his left Dr. Williamson, Vice-Principal. After the dinner President Connell proposed the first toast, "The Queen." To the next toast "Queen's University and Faculty" Prof. Williamson and Dr. K. N. Fenwick replied.

Mr. Fleming then sang an original song *re* "The Faculty" assisted in the chorus by Messrs. Parlow, Stewart, McEwen, Hagar while N. R. Henderson presided at the piano.

"Sister Universities" was proposed by Dr. Anglin, showing that Queen's had only good wishes for her sister Colleges. Messrs Mitchell of McGill, Howard of Trinity, Ferris of Toronto and Fisk of Bishops, Horsey of Arts and Claxton of Divinity Hall replied. The speeches of the delegates from outside Colleges had the following common subjects: firstly that the fame of Queen's entertainments has made the appointment of delegate to Queen's a matter of rivalry in other Colleges, next our eloquent faculty and lastly the success of our Football Team. Mr. Bannister '97 by his solo "The Last Aboard" gained the honor of being the soloist as well as the honor of the Freshman year.

"Our Guests" was proposed by A. Myers and responded to by acting mayor McKelvey, Mr. Metcalfe M. P. and Dr. Mackenzie. The latter a celebrated physician from Toronto gave the most profitable and interesting address of the evening. His idea of a medical man's true life ought to make every medical student proud that he has the possibility of holding so important a position.

"Our Hospitals" proposed by J. R. Allen, and Dr. Ryan responded.

"Undergraduates" proposed by Dr. Garrett, was responded to by Messrs. Anderson 4th year, Hagar 3rd, McLaren 2nd and Edwards 1st and each rivalled the other in lauding their respective years.

"The Ladies" fell to the care of Mr. Parlow, a true disciple of Pope's words:

Be to her virtues very kind
Be to her faults a little blind.

Mr. Stevenson replied on their behalf. The last toasts were "The Press" by G. Stewart and "The Chairman" by Mr. Metcalfe. Mr. Letellier's song "Twelve Months Ago To-Night" closed the program.

After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen" the boys lingered in the hall, bidding good-bye and offering good wishes for the Xmas holidays.

Thus ended an enjoyable and profitable evening in which professor and student and guest met and cemented stronger feelings of respect and affection and to a certain degree, at least, each realized that those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection.

AT THE DINNER

Many of our victorious football team are medcs. and one is taking a special course in Mental Diseases.

DR. ANGLIN.

In my short stay I have seen all that can be seen in your city.

(McGILL DELEGATE.)

I have taken no lectures on psychophysiology.

J. METCALFE, M. P.

Y. M. C. A.

For various reasons the three previous meetings had departed from their regular order, and it was with a feeling of general satisfaction that we returned last week to a consideration of the subject placed on the programme. That there might be no interference with preparations for the *Conversazione* on the 15th, the meeting was held on Thursday.

The subject was Temperance (Gal. v.-23), one which at Queen's always gives rise to an interesting discussion.

The leader, J. D. Stewart, began by pointing out that fruit is an outward embodiment of an inner life; and if the life be not there neither can the fruit. The spirit, therefore, determines temperance in its essential character and no external influence in itself can produce this fruit.

He then called attention to the fact that instead of being an "I will not," true temperance consists in an "I will," which raises a man above the lower nature and gives him control over self.

Further, fruits are not all alike, and we must not think that because one particular kind of fruit is not found on certain trees that these are not fruit trees. Let us then be careful by what criterions we judge our neighbors on the question of temperance. At the same time we must beware of a false liberality which would justify such excesses as are dishonoring to the temple of the Holy Ghost.

He was followed by several of the students who spoke along the lines of prohibition, total abstinence and moderation, until the arrival of closing time necessitated an end to the discussion.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mr. John Frost, having left the region of perpetual snow in order that he may come South and ease the long suffering public of further accounts of Football, Mr. Chas. Hatch has taken up his abode in that elongated semi-circle known as the Kingston rink and is prepared at any legal hour of the day to

deliver to any man or woman producing or otherwise furnishing a legal document known as a Registration Ticket, duly signed by Geo. Bell, J.L.D., Registrar Queen's University, Kingston, stating to all whom it may concern that the said man or woman has been duly registered during the present academic year at the said institution, a small document that shall so long as Mr. John Frost remains, allow the said man or woman, during any suitable hour of the day or night, that is to say, from nine o'clock in the morning to half-past five in the afternoon, and from seven to ten in the evening, excepting always and ever when a game or practice of Hockey is proceeding, when all women will please keep off the ice, to fasten on their own skates or those of anybody else and skate in the accustomed direction pursuing the ghost of the departed "Blossom," or indulge in a perpetual "At Home" entertainment in which live subjects or dead issues, according to one's taste may be discussed, with that vivacity, spontaneity and completeness characteristic of students of a great University.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

During the last week of the term the officers of the *Concursus* held a secret meeting in the nature of a revival, if such a word may be used in so solemn a sense. To this awful session were admitted all who had sins to confess, groanings of penitence to utter, and resolutions to form for the coming year; a copy of Prof. Watson's Senior Philosophy lectures did duty for swearing in the penitents (excepting the Divinities, who used Artemus Ward—"His Book"), and the results were satisfactory in the extreme. The following gentlemen wished their names and good resolutions to be published:

Wesley Francis Watson.—To go to Trinity; leave all my fortune to the *Concursus*; and kill my enemies, viz., Willie Grant, John McInnes, Matthew Wilson, and all others concerned in that unrighteous cause.

J. S. Rayside.—To cruelly torture the reporter who said I was the first man to tumble in the rink this season.

Guy Curtis.—To have my cards printed hereafter, "Captain" Guy Curtis.

W. G. Irving.—To take the Polycon medal in the spring, and go off on a mission during the summer.

The Seniors.—To get appointed as delegates.

The Freshmen.—To give the *Concursus* a banquet in March for not courting any of us.

Rev. E. Thomas.—To forgive Mr. Rayson, stop using strong language in public, and join the Y.M.C.A.

Prof. MacNaughton.—To die. (NOTE: This resolution was formed just after hearing his final Honor class translate some of *Æschylus*.)

Prof. Mowat.—To sleep.

The Prophet of '95.—To sleep,—perchance to dream.

John Millar.—To forgive Farrell sincerely and nobly.

Harry Farrell.—To faithfully perform my duties as President of the A.M.S., and to love everybody—including Millar—except the Athletic committee.

The De Nobis Men.—To haul everybody impartially over the coals, and tell no more lies than is incident to our profession.

The Divinities.—To read the Bible only on weekdays, and avoid studying on Sunday, by reading nothing but dictionaries and "Mark Twain."

Everybody.—To pay our dollar to the JOURNAL.

CLIPPINGS.

An exchange has the following:—"The Scottish papers are mentioning the name of Prof. John Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston, in connection with the chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, left vacant by the selection of Prof. Edward Caird to be master of Balliol College, Oxford. Should Prof. Watson be appointed Canada will lose the deepest man in philosophy on this continent. Prof. Watson was offered the chair of Christian Ethics in Cornell University some years ago, but he declined it, and it is now filled by Prof. Schurman, who is also President of the institution. It is interesting in this connection to observe that President Schurman is a native of Prince Edward Island, Principal Rand of McMaster University, is from New Brunswick, and Principal Grant and Sir William Dawson are Nova Scotians. Fish seems to be good brain food.

TWO STROKES OF THE CLOCK.

A youth and maid in twilight sat

And softly talked on subjects that

In youth and twilight, never seem

Amiss.

For him, 'twas love's young dream ;

For her, 'twas,—well, she could not say ;

She could not determine her heart that day.

And his heart grew heavy as lees of wine ;

For the clock in the hallway had just struck

"Nein !"

Some hours had pass'd,

And still the youth

Would not abandon hope, in truth,

He pleaded on with tireless zeal

And all the strength of love's appeal,

'Till, faintly dawning in her eyes,

The light of pity he descries ;

For he knew full well that his labor was done

For the clock in the hallway had just struck

"Woon !"

THE THREE BOHEMIANS.

The International Dictionary gives three different meanings of the word "Bohemian." First, a native of Bohemia ; second, an idle stroller or gypsy ; and,

thirdly, an adventurer in art or literature, of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes, or free morals. The origin of this strange confusion of terms must be sought in history. It is interesting to note that music played an important part in this philological process. The genuine Bohemians have contributed their full share to the world's civilization. They have given us a Huss, a Comenius, a Brozik, a Dvorak. They are essentially a musical people. The gypsies are a nomadic people, who have wandered from Northwestern India into Europe. They, too, are a musical people. To the French, Bohemia was a *terra incognita*. It was a familiar name, but the French conception of it was limited to the view that its people were dark-skinned heretics, who had fought against the Pope, and were particularly fond of song and dance. The gypsies corresponded with the description, and were christened accordingly. The third (meaning a literary adventurer) is but the second (a gypsy) used metaphorically.—*Josef J. Kral, in Music, Chicago.*

THE MOHAMMEDAN PARADISE.

The Mohammedan paradise is a fairy land. To enter it, the believer must cross seven bridges, at each of which he must answer questions relating to his past life. Having crossed the bridges he is at the entrance. There are thirteen doors. The first act is to take a bath, which gives to the body great brilliancy. This abode of delight is built of bricks of gold and of silver held together by a mortar of musk. Four oceans soothe the senses—one of water, one of milk, one of honey, one of wine. Waves of perfume envelop them, so powerful as to be noticeable five hundred days' march away. Lastly, come the castles of the hours—seventy castles with seventy rooms, containing seventy state beds and seventy tables ready set, and in this castle 1,680,700,000 hours. This to each of the elect. He himself has seventy robes of green brocade embroidered with rubies and topazes. Great Prophet ! Let us all be Turks !—*The Critic, Halifax.*

PUDD'N'HEAD WILSON'S WISDOM.

There is no character, however good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, however poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance : his character is about perfect ; he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.

Tell the truth, or trump—but get the trick.

Adam was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake ; he wanted it only because it was forbidden. The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent ; then he would have eaten the serpent.

Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race—he brought death into the world.—*Mark Twain, in The Century, New York, December.*

At a recent prayer-meeting in New Jersey, a Democratic brother prayed that God would cause the Democratic Party to hang together, whereupon a Republican present shouted "Amen, Amen." This led the Democratic brother to make the following emendation in his prayer: "Not, O Lord, in the sense our Republican brother means, but in the spirit of accord and concord." "Any cord will do, Lord; any cord will do," interjected the Republican. The pastor immediately made a rule that hereafter politics should be kept out of the prayer-meeting.—*Literary Digest.*

PERSONAL.

N. J. Sproul, '91, is a settled pastor in Manchester, N.J.

Our congratulations are extended to Fred. Young, '86, who joined the benedicts a few months ago. Fred. is one of the rising barristers in the west, and is now located at Nanaimo.

Rev. E. Thomas, '97, is one of the leading speakers in the plebiscite campaign of the city.

An account of Thanksgiving services at Winchester, Ont., in the *Presbyterian Review*, closes as follows:—"Since Mr. Conner's settlement at Winchester a few months ago, the church has become overcrowded at all the services. Encouraged by this success the congregation have secured a lot in a central portion of the town, and in the spring intend to expend \$10,000 in a new church."

Rev. D. J. Macdonald, B.A., officiated at the opening services of the new Presbyterian Church at Stewarton. Rev. R. E. Knowles, B.A., who graduated at Winnipeg in '91, is pastor of the congregation, and to his "earnestness in the presentation of the story of redeeming love and his ability as a preacher" is ascribed in large measure the marked increase in the congregation.

Many of the students who were at Queen's in '88 will remember the reverend gentleman as "Bob" Knowles, who was ever in demand when speeches were required and whose eloquence could enrapture even street laborers and cause them to listen with mouth, eyes and ears open.

Rev. J. A. Sinclair, M.A., ex-Librarian and Postmaster, gave us a call last week. His hard work at Spencerville seems to agree with him, as he looks hale and hearty as usual. That he is agreeing with the work the following from the *Canada Presbyterian* tells:—

"Rev. Mr. Sinclair, Spencerville, preached his inaugural sermon on Sunday, Oct. 31st, and won more friends than ever and increased the love of his former friends by it. He stated as clearly as possible the lines he would follow, and thus people cannot accuse him of deception afterwards if he does not agree with them fully. He proved himself to be a citizen as well as a minister, and that is the sort of man we need in these times."

Principal Grant recently lectured in Toronto on "The Parliament of Religions." The papers unite in describing the lecture as an intensely interesting one, which afforded the Principal a good opportunity of speaking on, what is to him a most congenial theme, Liberality.

Our distinguished Chancellor, Mr. Sanford Fleming, C.E., C.M.G., LL.D., intends submitting to the Canadian and Australian governments a new proposal for a trans-Pacific cable. It suggests four different routes, all of which start from Vancouver. If the proposal is carried out, it will make a reduction in the rate between Australia and England of 1s. 6d. per word.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

A freshman of Brockville, was escorted to the train by a number of his comrades. As they were rather demonstrative in their affection, he went to the conductor saying "Please Mr. Conductor will you look after me till I get home?"

"Experientia docet" Prof. C-p-n (referring to Richard's appeal to the Queen for her daughter in marriage) It takes courage more than ordinary to make such a proposal.

Mr. M-th-ws;—(11.30 p. m. to hostess.) Is there any lady whom I may see home?

Mr. M-th-ws (2.30 a. m. at his boarding house after walking to Cataragui and back) I've been so near Peterboro' that I might better have gone on and stayed there all night.

The critic of '97 is reported to have said that though the year at first fought mightily at their meetings they now are content to have fo(r)nightly meetings.

Two men were blown up by dynamite, and a cruel joker who saw them remarked "There they go, two for a(s)cent.

My speech at Victoria was really a noble effort—J. S. Sh—t.

How can they court me when my brother is Chief Justice?—Freshie L-v-l.

You bet they don't swipe any buffalo-robos on me—Sprightly.

Miss M.—Why didn't the program committee put down Jerseys on the list of dances, Mr. B-t-n.

A. H. B-t-n:—Well, you see, the fact is I-v-g and myself don't care for Jersey's.

I'm a daisy on the theory but I can't make the shots—G. F. Macd—l

They say my dress coat tails were conspicuous by their absence—Stubby Smart.

Mein Gott, Isaac! mark eferydyng in der shlore dree hunder und fifty ber cent. Here comes a shtudent vot vants trust.

That sheriff don't know how to issue a summons; and this, your honor, is the *sumum bonum* of my defence—W. F. W-ts-n.

"For who is he, whose chin is but enriched with one appealing hair that will not follow these culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France."

How did Shakespeare know that mine was to be culled and choice-drawn *a la* MacG—vray—J. W. Mc-Int-sh.

There has been a heavy snow-storm—The Finance Committee.

Prof—(having hold of a brass rod) "This substance is the same as my body."

The crier—"Relieve him of all brass, such as chink, dimes, nickles, cheques, bank-notes, catskins and encumbrances."

Prof. Marshall—as the boys keep time when Harry Feir comes into class late—"I hardly think that that's *Feir*."

H. Feir to his friend in the next seat—"I'll have to Marshall the whole class against him if he does that again."

The poet of '95 laments his fate in the following pathetic stanza:—

By day I'm Day, by night I'm Day,
On me e'er shines the sun;
Do what I may, I ne'er can say
This Day will soon be done

The last Y. M. C. A. meeting was attended by a freshman six years of age. Is this ninety-seven's baby?

H. R. krp-tr-ck (looking wistfully into Henderson's window before Christmas)—Oh, would I were a child again.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES IN OTTAWA.

A course of lectures is now being delivered in Ottawa in connection with the university extension scheme of Queen's. The lecturers are Profs. Cappon and Shortt, who deliver two lectures each week alternately on their respective subjects of Literature and Political Science. The opening lecture was given by the Principal on Nov. 18th. His Excellency the Governor-General and several other distinguished persons were present. The lectures have all been well attended so far, and the course seems to be a very popular one.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following by paying their subscriptions have gladdened the heart of the business manager:—Misses E. Griffith, Russell, MacIntosh, Mills, Polson; Messrs. McMullen, B.A., Hutcheon, M.A., H. R. Grant, T. S. Scott, E. R. Peacock, H. F. Mooers, W. T. Chisholm, H. C. Windel, E. L. Pope, J. A. McInnes, A. J. McNeill, J. R. Conn, H. A. Connolly, R. J. Day, C. Fortescue, S. Woods, J. B. McDougall, R. H. Cleary, H. Feir, C. S. Stewart, E. Thomas, V. I. Smart, W. B. Gordon; Miss W. G. Fraser, India; Rev. Smith, China; Miss Offord, Kingston; A. Gandier, M.D., Florida; A. Rannie, Bishop's Mills; Miss McNab, Douglas; Doctor Haynuga, New York; N. T. Spronle, B.A., English-town; Miss A. E. Marshall, Strange; J. S. Rowlands, Toronto; H. A. Lavell, B.A., Vancouver; C. S. Davis, Maryland; Rev. J. W. Muirhead, B.A., N.W.T.; Rev. S. Burns, Westport; Mrs. Mackeras, Kingston.

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